

# Dan'l Boone

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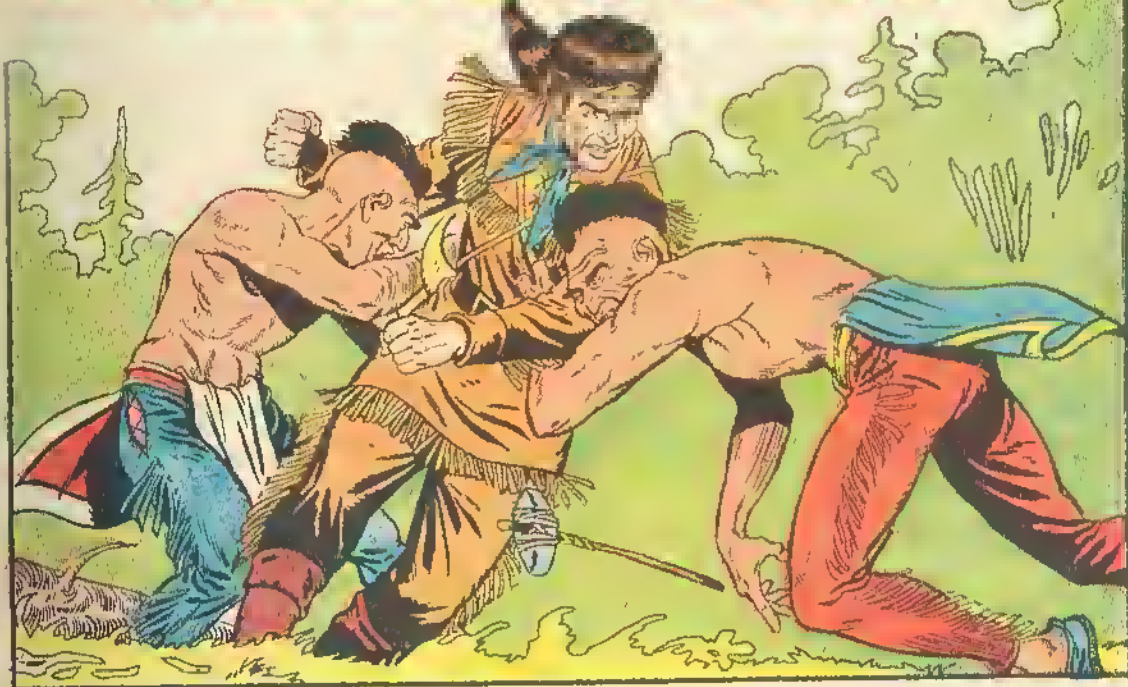
SEE Noah herd animals and other living creatures aboard Ark for safety from the Flood.

SEE the Flight into Egypt to Save the Infant Jesus.

SEE the Fall of Jericho. A blast of the trumpets—a mighty roar—and the solid rock walls crack and crumble.

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# Dan'l Boone



## "BORN TO THE FRONTIER"

HE WAS BORN NOVEMBER 2ND, 1734 IN  
OLEY, PENNSYLVANIA ....

I'VE GIVEN  
YE ANOTHER  
SON, SQUIRE.

WE'LL CALL HIM **DANIEL**. AND  
IF HE'S A TRUE **BOONE**....  
ANOTHER WANDERER'S COME INTO  
THE WORLD. NOT ONE OF US  
BUT WAS BORN WITH  
THE ITCHING FOOT!



THE YEARS PASSED SWIFTLY...

WHERE'S DANIEL,  
SARAH? HE WERENT  
AT THE SMITHY  
ALL DAY!

OUT TRAIPSN' THROUGH  
THE WOODS MOST LIKELY,  
SQUIRE. THAT SON OF  
OURS WOULD RATHER HUNT  
THAN EAT. WHEN WILL YE  
BE GIVIN' HIM HIS OWN  
RIFLE..?



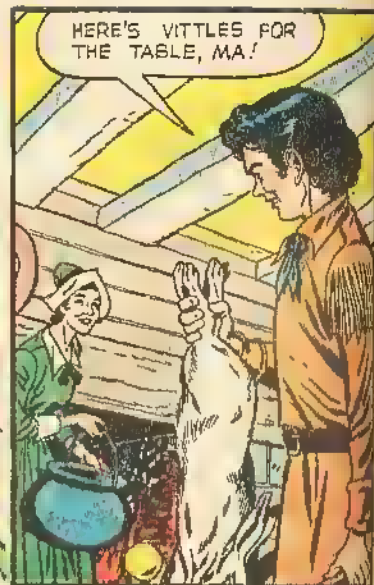


PLENTY OF GAME IN PENNSYLVANIA IN THOSE DAYS — BEAR, DEER, WILD TURKEYS, AND EVEN BUFFALO!... BUT DANIEL WAS STILL TOO YOUNG TO HAVE HIMSELF A RIFLE!



MORE'N ONE WAY TO SKIN A CAT. I'LL WHITTLE ME THIS SAPLIN'...GET THE ROOT GOOD AN' SHARP...!

AN' NOW AIM IT TRUE...!



HERE'S VITTLES FOR THE TABLE, MA!

JUST A YOUNG BOY'S WAY OF PASSING THE TIME—BUT THERE WERE LESSONS DANIEL WAS LEARNING DURING THOSE LONELY DAYS IN THE WOODS. LESSONS THAT STOOD HIM IN GOOD STEAD WHEN HE GREW INTO A MAN....

LIKE THE TIME WHEN HE WAS BEING CHARGED BY A WOUNDED BEAR—

CAN'T RELOAD SOON ENOUGH TO SQUEEZE OFF ANOTHER SHOT...!



MOST FOLK KNOWIN' WHAT GOOD CLIMBERS B'ARS ARE, WOULD STEER CLEAR OF THIS NARRER, RUNTY SPRUCE!



BUT ONE THING I L'ARNED IN MY TRAIPSN' AS A YOUNG UN—B'ARS HAVE TO **HUG** A TREE TO CLIMB IT! AN' WHEN THE TRUNK'S TOO **SMALL** TO HUG, THEY JUST GET NOWHERE MIGHTY FAST!



NOW, MR. B'AR—WE'LL SEE **WHO** GETS TIRED FIRST....



THERE WERE INDIANS IN PENNSYLVANIA THOSE DAYS TOO, FRIENDLY TRIBES—AND YOUNG DANIEL SPENT A HEAP OF TIME WITH THEM...

HAVE NO FEAR, WIDE-MOUTH. *SWIFT-RUNNING* SNAKES ARE HARMLESS. BUT WATCH FOR THE FAT ONES THAT MOVE SLOWLY—*THEY* ARE DANGEROUS!



JUST A YOUNG BOY'S WAY OF PASSING THE TIME—BUT FROM THOSE FRIENDLY INDIANS, DANIEL LEARNED SO MUCH ABOUT THE RED MAN'S WAYS...

... THAT, MANY YEARS LATER—

BOONE, WE'VE LOST THEIR TRAIL!... NOW WE'LL NEVER CATCH UP WITH THOSE INDIANS!

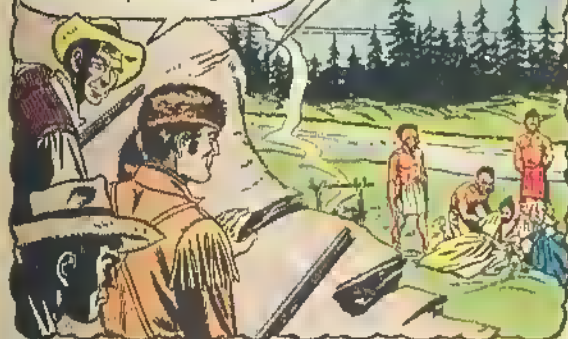
DON'T BE FRETTEIN' TOO SOON. THAR'S A STREAM WITH SOME SANDY BEACH UP YONDER... THEY'LL BE CAMPIN' THERE AT NIGHTFALL.



AFTER A LONG TREK—

YOU WERE RIGHT. NOW WE'LL BE ABLE TO RESCUE THE GIRLS!... BUT HOW'D YOU KNOW WHAT THEY WERE GOIN' TO DO, BOONE? HOW'D YOU KNOW?

BEEN CLOSE TO INDIANS EVER SINCE I WAS A YOUNG 'UN. SO CLOSE THAT FOLKS SAY I "THINK INDIAN"...



YOUNG DANIEL HAD REACHED HIS TWELFTH YEAR. BY NOW, THE FAMILY HAD MOVED TO **YADKIN VALLEY** IN VIRGINIA...

HYAR IT IS, DANIEL—WHAT YOU'VE BEEN PININ' AFTER. EVER SINCE YE LEARNED TO WALK—**YOUR OWN RIFLE!** NOW SHOW ME YE KNOW HOW TO LOAD HER...



FUST I PUT IN THE POWDER—JUST SO MUCH. THEN I WRAP THE BULLET IN A GREASED PATCH... AN' RAM IT HOME. THEN ANOTHER PINCH OF POWDER IN THE PAN UNDER THE HAMMER... AN' I'M READY TO TAKE AIM AN' SQUEEZE TRIGGER!



HE WAS A BORN MARKSMAN, DANIEL BOONE WAS, AND BEFORE LONG, HIS FAME BEGAN TO SPREAD THROUGH THE VALLEY...

THAR GOES YOUNG BOONE A-HUNTIN'!

SOMEONE SHOULD GIVE WARNIN' TO ALL THE DEER HEREABOUTS. ... I'VE HEARD TELL HE CAN SPLIT A BULLET AT 100 PACES!



THEN, ONE DAY—

**FOREST RUNNERS ON THE RAMPAGE!**... THEY'VE WRECKED THE BRADFORD CABIN—AN' NOW THEY'RE HEADED HYAR...!

DANIEL! WHERE YE GOIN'?





THE RUNNERS WERE THE SCUM OF THE FOREST—DESPERATE THUGS WHO STOLE FROM TRAPPERS AND WAYLAID LONELY HORSEMEN! AND EVERY ONCE IN A WHILE, DRIVEN BY MEANNESS OR HUNGER, THEY RAIDED THE NEARBY SETTLEMENTS.



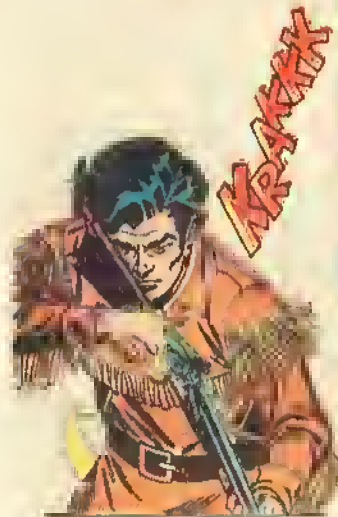
THE BOONE CABIN STANDS JUST ABOVE THE RISE!

IT WON'T BE STANDIN' THAR LONG... THAT'S FOR SURE!

BUT WHEN THEY MOUNTED THE RISE, THEY SAW A COON-SKIN CAP LIKE THOSE ON THEIR OWN HEADS PEGGED TO A TREE BESIDE THE TRAIL...AND THEN YOUNG DANIEL HAILED THEM!



STAND BACK, STRANGERS—I'VE GOT SOME PRACTISIN' TO DO... HAVE TO SHARPEN MY SHOOTIN' EYE!



THE TWINE! HE SPLIT IT AT MORE'N A HUNDRED PACES!



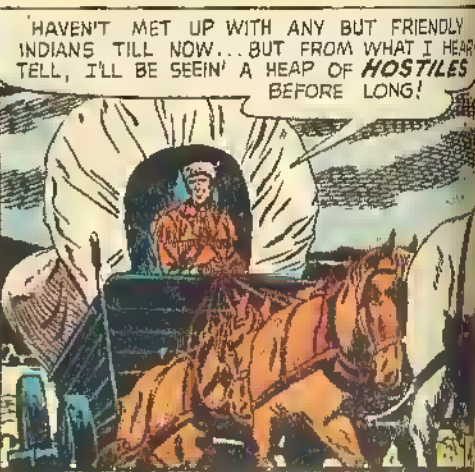
THEY'VE TURNED BACK TO THE FOREST, DANIEL. IT TOOK JUST ONE SHOT TO CONVINCE 'EM THEY'D BE HEALTHIER THERE!

WE'RE MIGHTY LUCKY THAT'S ALL IT TOOK. JUST HAPPENS I'M LOW ON POWDER TODAY!

THE YEARS PASSED, AND NOW **GENERAL BRADDOCK** WAS LEADING AN EXPEDITION AGAINST THE FRENCH AND INDIANS AT FORT DUQUESNE....



AND AMONG THE WAGONERS, FULL GROWN NOW, HAULING TOBACCO FOR THE VIRGINIA MILITIA, WAS DANIEL BOONE!



HAVEN'T MET UP WITH ANY BUT FRIENDLY INDIANS TILL NOW... BUT FROM WHAT I HEAR TELL, I'LL BE SEEIN' A HEAP OF **HOSTILES** BEFORE LONG!

A SHORT TIME LATER —

NO RATIONS TONIGHT, MEN! SUPPLY WAGON MUST'VE BROKEN DOWN... AND WE'VE SCRAPED EVERY BARREL ON HAND!

HEY, BOONE — WHAR'RE YE HEADED FOR?

CAIN'T SLEEP WELL LEST MY STOMACH'S FULL. I'M GOIN AFTER GAME. RECKON WITH SOME LUCK, I'LL GET ENOUGH TO PASS AROUND.

DON'T BE A FOOL, MAN! THE NOISE OF THE WAGON-TRAIN'S SKEERED ALL GAME DEEP INTO THOSE WOODS THAT ARE CRAWLIN' WITH HOSTILES!... AN' YE'VE NEVER PASSED THIS WAY BEFORE — YOU'RE SURE TO GET **LOST!**

LOST?... NO SIR. I MIGHT GET A WEE BIT BEWILDERED — BUT DAN'L BOONE NEVER GETS LOST!

AND SURE ENOUGH, IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NEXT DAY —

IT'S BOONE! HE'S COME BACK!

START UP THE FIRES MEN — WE'RE ALL EATIN' VENISON TODAY!

AFTER THE MEAL —

JOHN FINLEY'S THE NAME. THAT WAS A RIGHT FINE SPOT OF HUNTIN' YE DONE, BOONE.

WEREN'T MUCH.

WEREN'T MUCH?... NOW DON'T BE DOWN-TALKIN' YOURSELF! NOBODY ELSE HYAR COULD'VE GONE INTO THOSE WOODS AN' COME OUT ALIVE! AN' I KNOW — 'CAUSE I'M ONE OF THE FEW WHITE MEN THAT'S BEEN TO **KAINTUCK!** — THE DARK AN' BLOODY HUNTING GROUND...!



I SEE YOUR EYES *LIGHTIN'* UP, BOONE! SO YOU'VE HEARD-TELL OF KAIN-*TUCK!*  
—EH? WELL, TAKE MY WORD—NOTHIN' YOU'VE *HEARD* CAN COME CLOSE TO THE TRUTH! THAT LAND'S A *HUNTER'S PARADISE!*



"ALL A MAN NEED DO IN KAIN-*TUCK* IS SET HIMSELF DOWN BY A SALT LICK—AN' HE'LL BE SHOOTIN' DEER, BUFFALO AN' BEAR TILL HE'S WEARY OF RELOADIN'...."



"BUT THE INDIANS AIM TO KEEP KAIN-*TUCK* FOR THEMSELVES...THE LAND'S SO RICH, THEY'RE ALWAYS TRYIN' TO DRIVE *EACH OTHER OUT*. LET A *WHITE MAN* STEP FOOT THAR, AN' THEY HIT THE WAR-PATH RIGHT OFF!"



YUP, FINLEY...I'VE HEARD A HEAP OF TALES ABOUT KAIN-*TUCK*! MANY'S THE TIME I'VE WATCHED THE SUN SINK DOWN THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CUMBERLANDS, AN' I'VE THOUGHT—"SOME DAY, BOONE, YOU'LL CROSS THOSE MOUNTAINS...AN' SEE THAT LAND FOR YOURSELF!"



MEANWHILE, MILES AHEAD, GENERAL BRADDOCK'S TROOPS KEPT MARCHING FORWARD IN RIGID CONTINENTAL FORMATION....



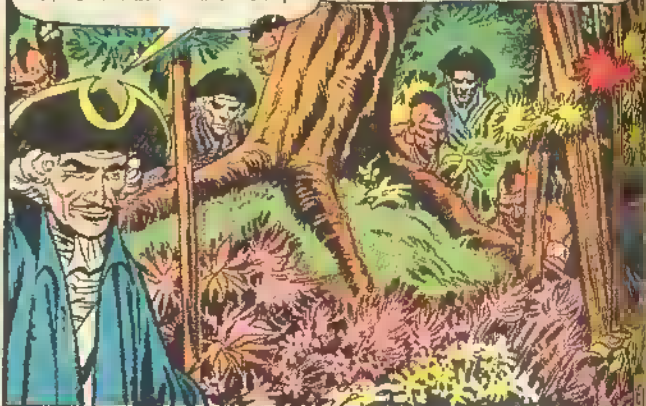
ANY SIGN OF THE ENEMY YET?

NO, GENERAL. THE SCOUTS REPORT NOTHING.



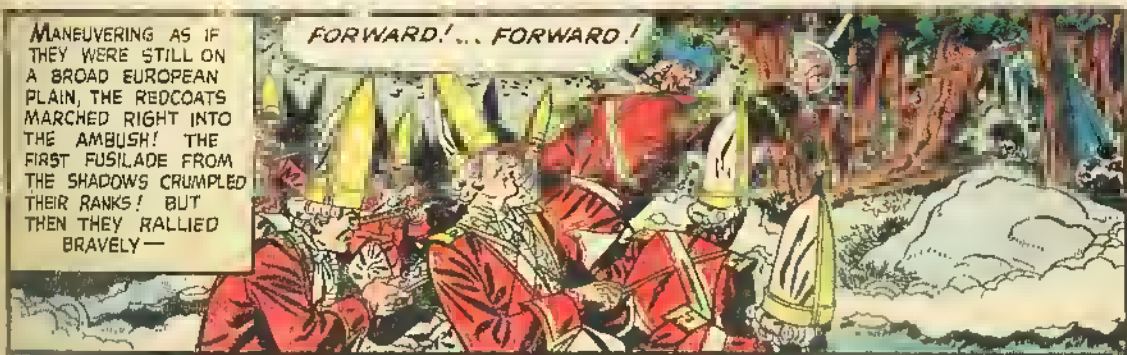
BUT THE FRENCH AND INDIANS WERE HIDDEN IN THE FOREST, SMILING CONFIDENTLY IN THE DEEP SHADOWS....

LET THEM COME MARCHING. SOON WE WILL TEACH THEM A LESSON IN AMERICAN FOREST FIGHTING—A BITTER LESSON!

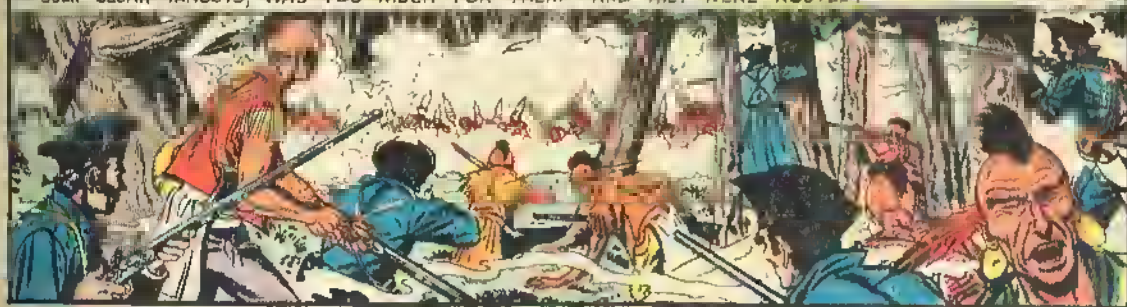


MANEUVERING AS IF THEY WERE STILL ON A BROAD EUROPEAN PLAIN, THE REDCOATS MARCHED RIGHT INTO THE AMBUSH! THE FIRST FUSILADE FROM THE SHADOWS CRUMPLED THEIR RANKS! BUT THEN THEY RALLIED BRAVELY—

FORWARD!... FORWARD!

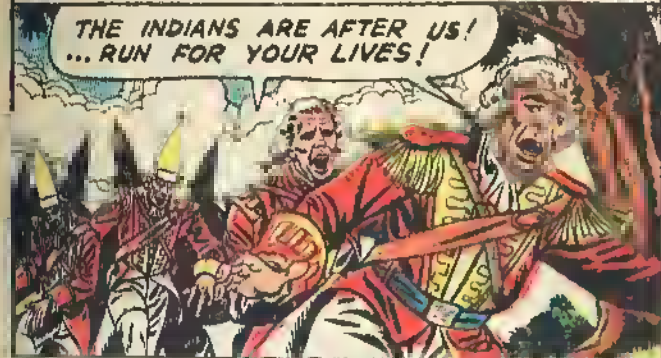


BUT THE UNSEEN ENEMY FIRING FROM NOWHERE AT THEIR SCARLET UNIFORMS THAT MADE SUCH CLEAR TARGETS, WAS TOO MUCH FOR THEM—AND THEY WERE ROUTED!



THIS WAS NO SPLENDID CONTINENTAL ARMY IN FORMAL RETREAT—THIS WAS A BAND OF SCREAMING MEN STUMBLING FRANTICALLY AWAY FROM THE SHAPELESS BATTLEFIELD!

THE INDIANS ARE AFTER US!  
... RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!



THE TRIUMPH-MADDENED HOSTILES SURGED FORWARD AFTER THEM! AND SOON—

FINLEY, WAKE UP!...  
THE INDIANS ARE  
ON US!



NO TIME FOR INDIAN LORE NOW  
—NO TIME FOR DANIEL BOONE  
TO DO ANYTHING BUT FIGHT  
FOR HIS LIFE!



FINLEY!... THEY'RE  
ABOUT TO HACK HIM  
DOWN—MUST TRY  
TO SAVE HIM!



RUNNING SWIFTLY, BOONE CAME NEAR  
THE STRUGGLING CLOT OF MEN!  
BUT THEN—

THE ONE WITH THE WIDE MOUTH!...  
HE DOES NOT SEE ME!





BUT BOONE *HAD* SEEN HIM, AND HAD BEEN BENDING THE SUPPLE BRANCH EVEN AS HE LEAPED FORWARD! AND *NOW*—

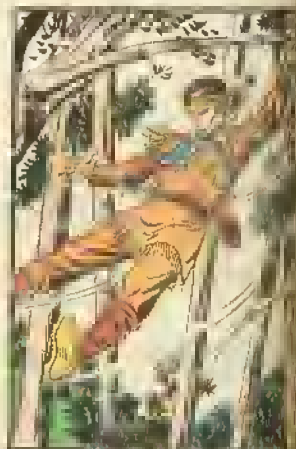


WE'RE ALL THAT'S LEFT...AND THERE'S MORE INDIANS COMIN'! THEY'RE ON ALL SIDES OF US NOW!

SHHH— THE HORSES ARE STILL HITCHED TO THE WAGONS! WAIT HYAR— ALL OF YOU...!



HE WAS LIKE A SILENT SHADOW SWINGING THROUGH THE TREES OVER THE HEADS OF THE WAR-WHOOPING INDIANS



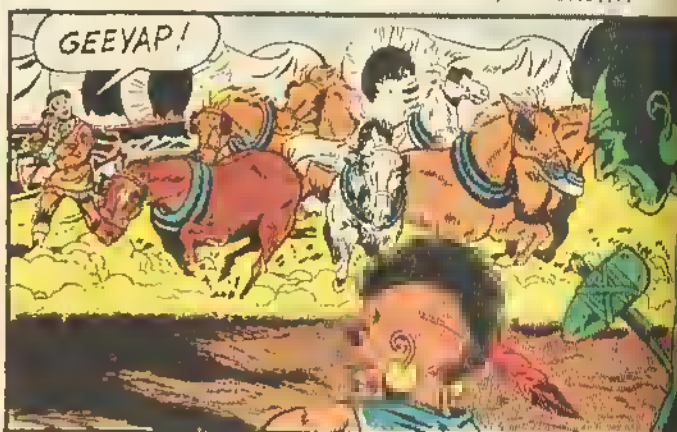
THEN—

HAVE TO CUT THE TRACERS FAST...!

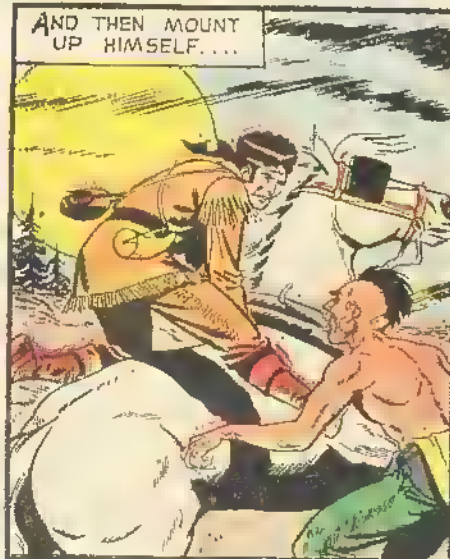


HE SLASHED LEATHER AS FAST AS HE COULD! BUT THEN A BLOOD-CURDLING WHOOP TOLD HIM HE'D BEEN SPOTTED— AND NOW THERE WAS ONLY TIME TO DRIVE ALL THE HORSES BUT ONE TOWARD THE HUDDLED WAGONERS...

GEEYAP!



AND THEN MOUNT UP HIMSELF...



... AND RIDE AWAY!

HATE TO LEAVE THE REST BACK THERE! BUT WITH ANY LUCK...THEY'LL GRAB THOSE HORSES AND BREAK THROUGH



THE WAR WAS OVER. HE WAS BACK IN THE YADKIN VALLEY NOW. BUT THIS WASN'T THE SAME BOONE. HIS BROTHER, SQUIRE, QUERIED HIM ONE DAY....



WHAT'S COME OVER YE, DANIEL? MOST TIMES YE JUST STAND HYAR AN' KEEP A-STARIN'.

MET A MAN WHEN I WAS WITH BRADDOCK, SQUIRE. NAME OF JOHN FINLEY. HE TOLD ME ABOUT WHAT'S ON TH' OTHER SIDE OF THOSE MOUNTAINS... AN' HIS WORDS KEEP STIRRIN' AROUND INSIDE OF ME.



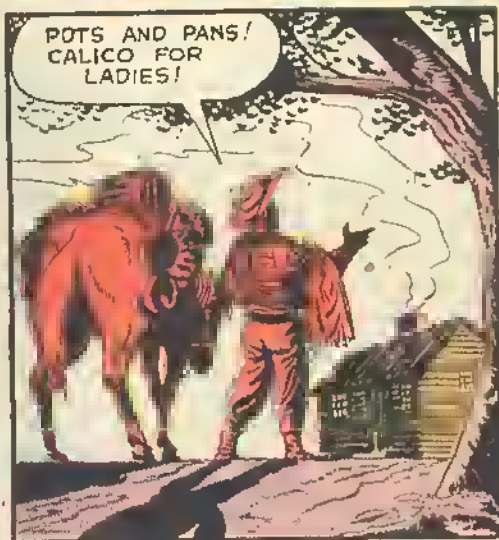
YOU'RE A WANDERER BY NATURE, DAN. ALL BOONES ARE THE SAME, BUT WHAT HAPPENED TO THIS FINLEY?

DON'T KNOW. NEVER SAW HIM AFTER THAT TIME THE HOSTILES CAME AT US. DEAD OR ALIVE... GUESS I CAN BE SURE I'LL NEVER SEE HIM AGAIN.



AND OUR COUNTRY'S HISTORY WOULD HAVE BEEN FAR DIFFERENT IF BOONE'S SAD WORDS HAD TURNED OUT TO BE TRUE ONES!

BUT THAT NIGHT, BACK AT THE CABIN, A TRAVELLING PEDDLAR ARRIVED WITH HIS WARES....



JOHN FINLEY!

BOONE! BLESS YE, MAN—IF NOT FOR YOU, I'D BE DEAD TODAY! BUT THOSE HORSES REACHED US... AND WE ALL BROKE THROUGH!



THE POTS AND PANS AND CALICO WERE FORGOTTEN AS DANIEL BOONE AND HIS FRIEND SAT AT THE FIREPLACE....

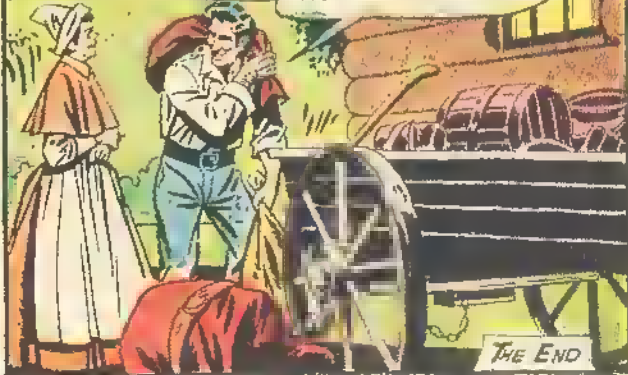
KAINTUCK' IS WAITIN', BOONE! IT'S WAITIN' FOR THE LIKES OF YOU TO OPEN IT UP FOR ALL WHITE MEN!



AND OUTSIDE THE CABIN—

WHAT'RE YE DOIN', SQUIRE?

PACKIN' OUR GEAR. I CAN TELL BY THE WAY DANIEL'S A-LISTENIN' INSIDE, THAT RIGHT SOON WE'LL BE SETTIN' OUT FOR THE DARK AN' BLOODY HUNTIN' GROUND...!



THE END



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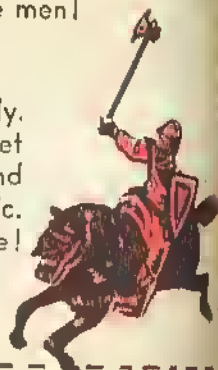
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# Dan'l Boone

THIS WAS **UNCHARTERED** LAND, WHERE A WHITE MAN'S MOCCASIN HAD NEVER LEFT A PRINT BEFORE!... **RICH** LAND, BLESSED WITH A FERTILE SOIL — AND WITH DEER, BEAVER, AND OTTER ABOUNDING!... **TREACHEROUS** LAND, WITH LIMESTONE CAVES, SWIFT-RUSHING RIVERS, AND CANEBRAKE JUNGLES! **DANGEROUS** LAND, WITH HOSTILE INDIANS LURKING EVERYWHERE IN THE SHADY FORESTS! AND HE WAS ONE MAN

**"ALONE IN THE WILDERNESS"**



HE HAD STARTED HIS LONELY HUNT IN THE EARLY MORNING, DEPENDING ON THE DEW TO WET DOWN THE FALLEN LEAVES AND TWIGS, SO HE COULD MOVE NOISELESSLY OVER THEM. HE HAD BEEN CAREFUL TO STAY UPWIND AS HE NEARED THE FEEDING GROUND, SO HIS MAN-SCENT WOULDN'T BETRAY HIM...



HIS HANDS HELD THE RIFLE WITH THE IRON STEADINESS OF A BORN MARKSMAN. ONE QUICK SQUINT WAS ENOUGH TO LINE UP SIGHT AND TARGET, AND THEN —



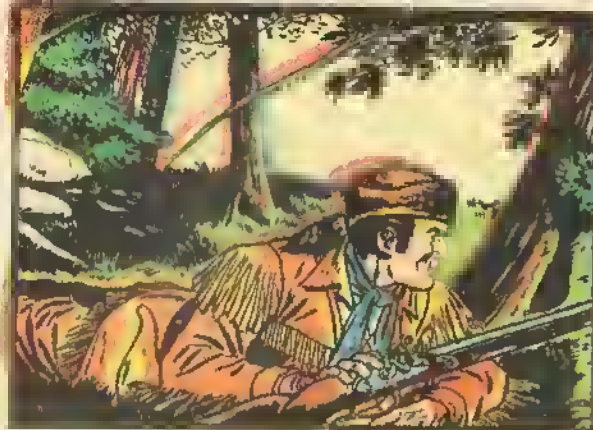
THE SHOT'S ECHOES WERE STILL CLAPPING THROUGH THE TREES AS HE STARTED TO RELOAD...

CAIN'T TAKE NO CHANCES. COULD BE THERE ARE INDIANS ABOUT. COULD BE THEY'LL COME A-RUNNIN' TO SEE WHO'S POACHIN' ON THEIR HUNTIN'-GROUND.

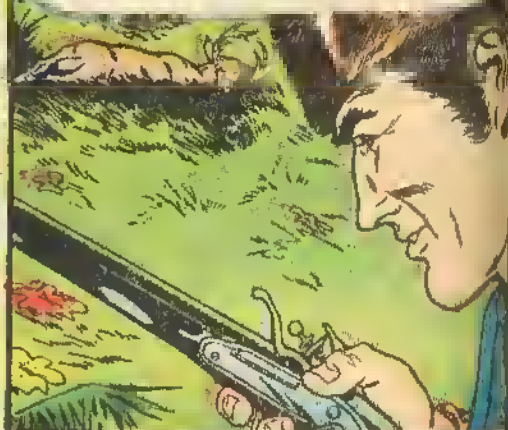




THE MINUTES DRAGGED SLOWLY BY AS HE LAY HIDDEN IN THE SHADOWS, HIS KEEN EARS SEARCHING AMONG THE FOREST'S WHISPERINGS FOR THE SOUND OF APPROACHING FOOTFALLS....



SINCE NOBODY SEEMS TO BE ABOUT TO BOTHER US THIS MORNIN', **TICK-LICKER**, LET'S GET US A DEERSKIN AND CARVE US SOME MEAT



HE WAS HEADING BACK TO HIS CAMP NOW, BUT HIS COURSE WAS A ZIGZAG ONE, FOLLOWING EVERY FALLEN TREE AND OUTCROP OF SMOOTH ROCK....



IT'S A MITE FARTHER THIS WAY—BUT ONCE I PASS ON, THAR'S NO TRACK LEFT FOR THE INDIANS TO READ!

ONCE HE'D REACHED CAMP, HE MADE SURE TO BLIND THE TRAIL BEFORE SETTLING DOWN TO REST....

I AIM TO SLEEP AFTER I'VE HAD MY FULL OF VITTLES. AN' A MAN'D BE A FOOL TO SLEEP FAST HEREABOUTS, IF THAR WAS A WELL-BEAT PATH TO HIS 'DOOR!...



HE WAITED TILL NIGHT HAD FALLEN BEFORE COOKING HIS MEAL. AND THEN HE WAS CAREFUL TO SHELTER THE FIRE SO THE FLAMES COULDN'T BE SEEN....



HE WAS TALKING TO HIMSELF AGAIN AS HE BEGAN TO BED DOWN....

ONE OF US WAS KILT... ANOTHER JUST SWALLOWED UP BY THE FOREST! SQUIRE WENT BACK TO YADKIN VALLEY, AND I COULDN'T GONE WITH HIM. BUT I CHOSE TO STAY ON AWHILE....



HERE IN THE WILDERNESS—WHAR EVEN IF I WAS AS BIG AS GOLIATH, I'D STILL HAVE WHAT I'VE ALWAYS PINED AFTER... AND THAT'S **ELBOW ROOM!**



TWO WEEKS LATER, HAVING MOVED EVEN DEEPER INTO THE WILDERNESS, HE WAS STANDING AT A CLIFF'S EDGE, WHEN—



THAT'S A TWIG CRACKLIN'!... SOMEBODY'S COMIN' UP BEHIND ME!

INDIANS!... ON **THREE** SIDES OF ME... AND THOSE AREN'T PEACE-PIPES THEY'RE A-CARRYIN'!



THIS-HERE'S ONE MAN THAT'S NOT A-WAITIN' FOR A WAR-AXE POW-WOW WHEN HE'S OUT-NUMBERED!

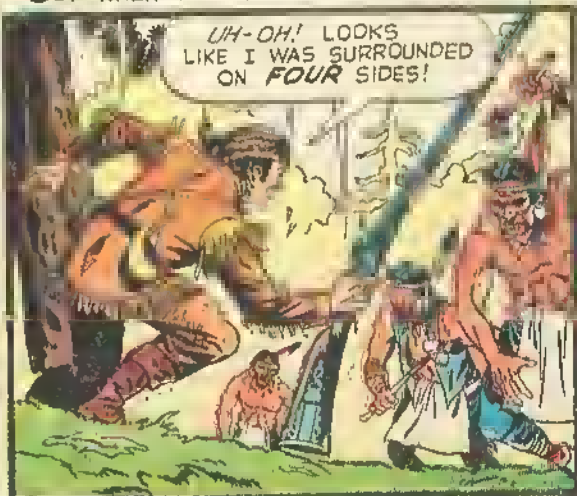


LOOKS LIKE I FLUSTERATED 'EM ALL RIGHT!



BUT WHEN HE DROPPED TO THE GROUND—

UH-OH! LOOKS LIKE I WAS SURROUNDED ON **FOUR** SIDES!



ONLY A FOOL WOULD HAVE TRIED TO FIGHT HIS WAY THROUGH THAT WAR PARTY. AND THIS MAN WAS NO FOOL....



MUST BE A TRIBE JUST CAME FROM OUT OF THE FAR WEST. THAR'S NOT A RIFLE AMONG THEM....

THE CHIEF SPOKE—AND AT ANOTHER TIME HE MIGHT HAVE HAD TROUBLE WITH THE CHIEF'S DIALECT, BUT NOW HIS LIFE DEPENDED ON HIS UNDERSTANDING EVERY WORD....



THAT FIRE-STICK—HUH? I HAVE HEARD MUCH OF FIRE-STICK. I WANT TO TRY.



HE HAD NO CHOICE...



SHE'S A RIGHT FINE WEAPON. TICK-LICKER, I CALL HER. YOU'RE WELCOME TO A SHOT.



YOU'RE DOIN' FINE— JUST KEEP HER SNUG AGAINST YOUR SHOULDER. THAT TREE DOWN YONDER IS AS GOOD A TARGET AS ANY.



BUT WHEN THE CHIEF JERKED AT THE TRIGGER—

IT WAS HARD TO STOP HIS MOUTH FROM TWITCHING INTO A SMILE. BUT HE HAD TO KEEP PLAYING THIS SMART....



SHE SURE HAS A HEALTHY KICK, CHIEF. A MAN HAS TO BE RIGHT POWERFUL TO SHOOT ONE OF THESE-HERE FIRE-STICKS.

NOW THE CHIEF WAS TALKING WITH HIS WARRIORS. THE MAN STOOD APART FROM THEM. HIS RIFLE STILL LAY ON THE GROUND....



COULD BE I OVERPLAYED MY HAND. COULD BE THEY'LL TURN ON ME NOW FOR MAKIN' THEIR CHIEF LOOK LIKE A FOOL!

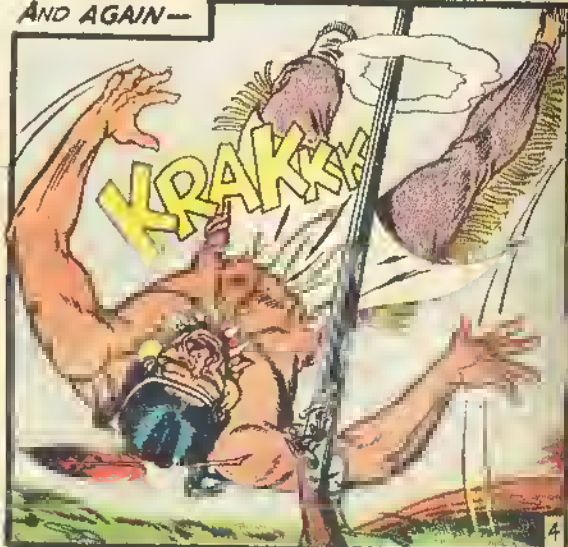
BUT THEN...



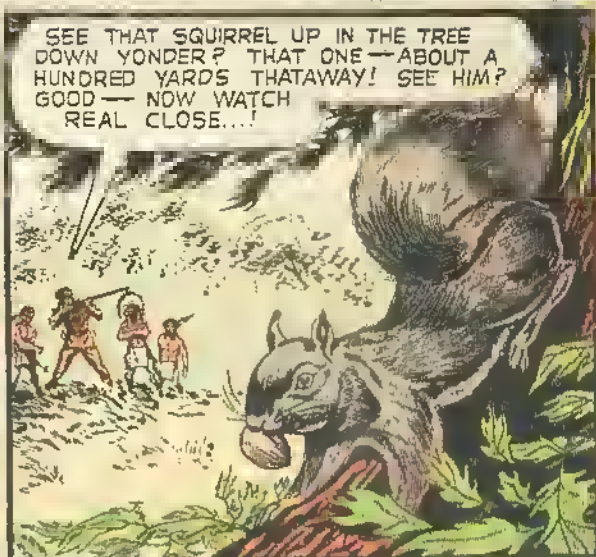
BIG BEAR IS MY STRONGEST WARRIOR. LET HIM TRY THE FIRE-STICK

ANYTHING YOU SAY, CHIEF. I'LL LOAD HER RIGHT UP AGAIN.

AND AGAIN—



NOW HE HAD TO WORK SWIFTLY BEFORE SHOCK HAD A CHANCE TO BOIL INTO ANGER.





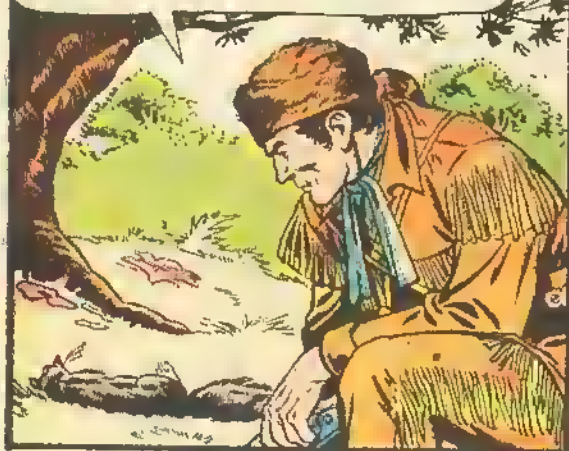
WE HAVE SEEN YOUR MAGIC...AND IT IS STRONG! GO NOW—BUT LEAVE THIS LAND! THIS IS **OUR** HUNTING GROUND! NEVER COME BACK, WHITE MAN! IF YOU COME BACK... WE WILL NOT GIVE YOU ANOTHER CHANCE TO WORK YOUR MAGIC!



NOT VERY FRIENDLY FOLK...BUT LEAST-ALWAYS, I'M STILL ALIVE! **HMPF**—I'M RIGHT LUCKY THEY DON'T KNOW ENOUGH ABOUT RIFLES TO GUESS THAT I PUT **EXTRA CHARGES OF POWDER** IN TICK-LICKER BEFORE THE TWO SHOTS THEY TOOK... AN' **THAT'S** WHAT SENT 'EM SPRAWLIN'!



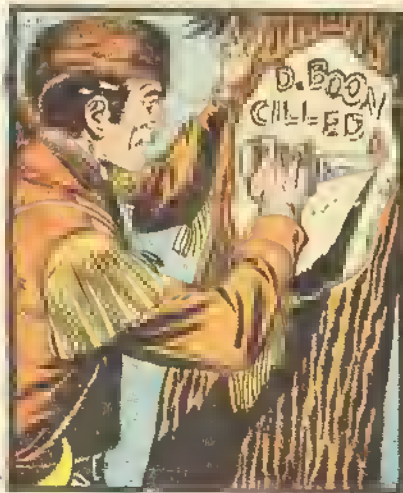
YOU DONE ME A GOOD TURN, FRIEND—TOO BAD YOU HAD TO DIE A-DOIN' IT! IT TOOK SOME MIGHTY STRAIGHT SHOOTIN' TO SEND YOU TUMBLIN'....



...BUT ME AND TICK-LICKER WERE THE TEAM FOR THE TASK! WE **BARKED** YOU—THAT'S WHAT WE DID! I AIMED JUST SO THE BULLET WOULD SMACK INTO THE BRANCH YOU WERE LYIN' ON—AND IT WAS THE **SHOCK** OF THE BULLET THAT STOPPED YOUR SMALL HEART'S BEATING!



NOW HE BEGAN TO CARVE HIS NAME ON THE TREE WHERE THE SQUIRREL HAD DIED....



AND **DANIEL BOONE** WAS SMILING AS HE CARVED. FOR HE KNEW HE'D COME BACK TO **KENTUCKY**. THE INDIANS WOULD BE WAITING FOR HIM—BUT HE'D COME BACK...



A TEAM OF WILD HORSES COULDN'T KEEP ME AWAY FROM OLD KAINLUCK! HUNTING'S TOO GOOD HERE...LAND'S TOO RICH...AND A MAN HEREABOUTS HAS JUST WHAT I'VE ALWAYS PINED AFTER...AND THAT'S **ELBOW ROOM!**

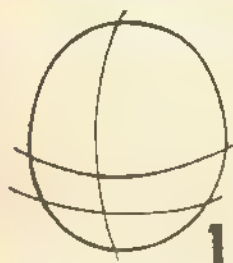
THE  
END

# Anyone Can Draw Cartoons

## IT'S EASY IT'S FUN MAKE MONEY DRAWING

### DRAWING FUNNY FACES

Learn to draw Cartoons! It's easy and it's fun and offers you a chance to earn money! This book is dedicated to all the people from 7 to 70, who would like to draw but cannot draw a straight line! This book is designed not only for the beginner but also as an aid to the cartoonist with some experience. It shows you that cartooning is not hard work, but it's like playing a game! Here you get an inexpensive cartoon education *plus your materials!* Imagine showing your friends your first completed cartoon; or seeing your first published cartoon and being paid for it too! Many famous cartoonists started on the road to fame and fortune just this way. This might be the beginning of a wonderful career! It contains hundreds of illustrations to help you. You will find it's easy and fun to draw using this simplified method. This book is also just the thing for Doodlers, Hospital Patients, Shut-ins, Hobbyists, etc. It's educational and lots of fun!



1 Draw oval and guide lines



2 Sketch in features



3 Erase excess lines



4 Ink in, add blacks



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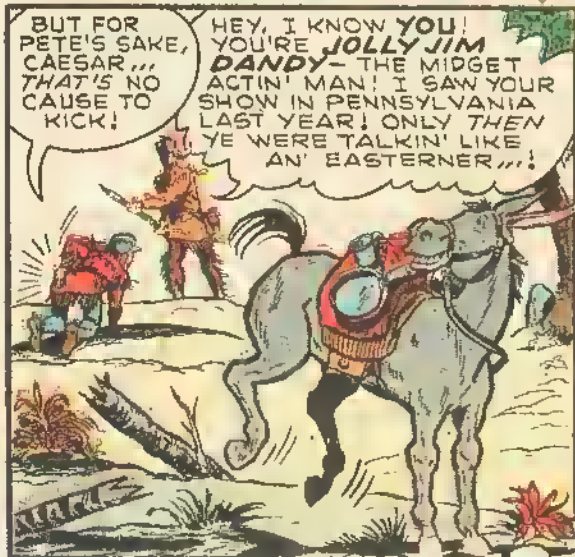
# JOLLY JIM DANDY



HEY! WHAT'S THAT FLYIN' THROUGH THE AIR— A TURKEY BUZZARD?

I AIN'T NO BUZZARD, I'LL HAVE YE KNOW— I'M A FULL-GROWN HALF-PINT THAT'S ON THE GO!

I'M HEADED FOR KAINTUCK' AN' AIM TO GET THERE QUICK—

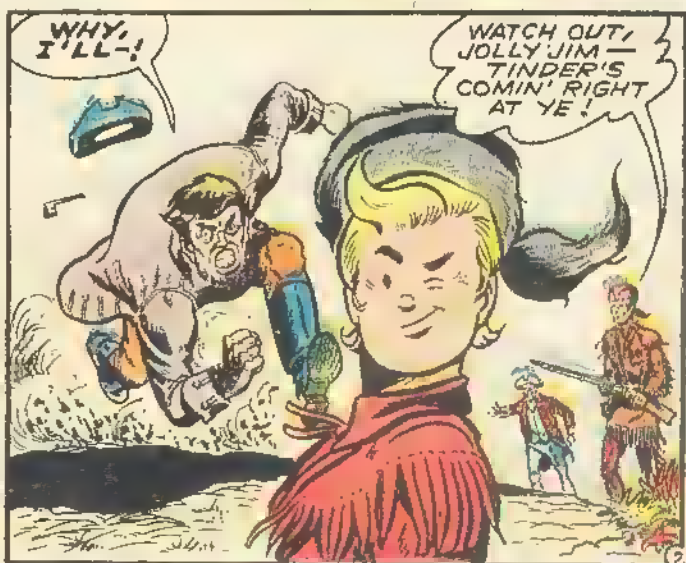
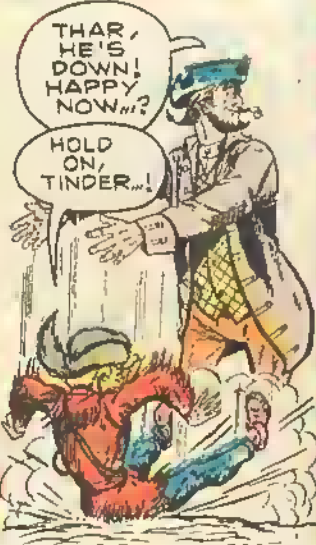
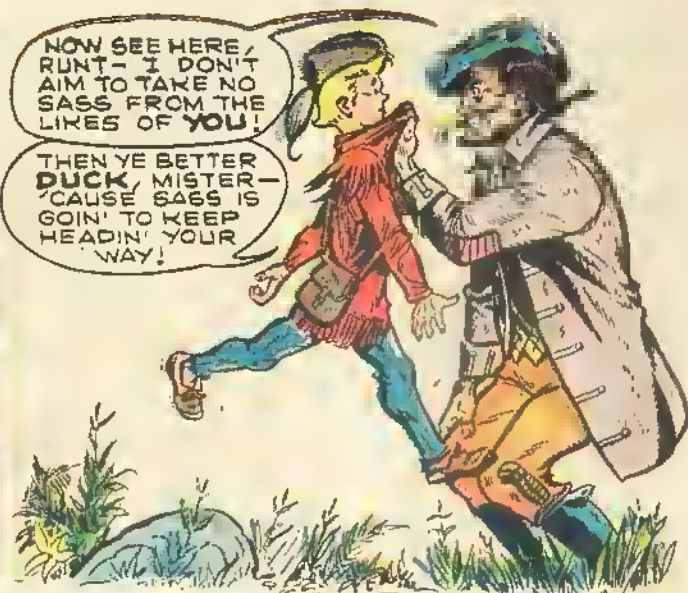


BUT FOR PETE'S SAKE, CAESAR... THAT'S NO CAUSE TO KICK!

HEY, I KNOW YOU! YOU'RE **JOLLY JIM DANDY**— THE MIDGET ACTIN' MAN! I SAW YOUR SHOW IN PENNSYLVANIA LAST YEAR! ONLY THEN YE WERE TALKIN' LIKE AN' EASTERNER...!



THERE'S NOT A LANGUAGE OR DIALECT IN THIS WIDE WORLD THAT **JOLLY JIM DANDY** CAN'T SPEAK, SIR! BUT PLEASE FORGET YOU EVER SAW ME ON THE STAGE... FOR IT'S A FRONTIERSMAN I CHOOSE TO BE NOW!





UH-OH— FLEA  
MUST'VE BIT ME—  
I NEVER JUMP SO  
FAST OTHERWISE!

AIN'T I THE  
CLUMSY ONE?  
TSK-TASH— I'VE  
**TRIPPED** THE  
FINE GENTLEMAN!

NOW FOR A  
PIGGY-BACK  
RIDE!

P-PLEASE, JOLLY  
JIM— I-I GIVE UP!  
I-I'LL DO ANYTHIN'  
YE SAY— LONG AS  
YE STOP PRESSIN'  
THAT PISTOL TO  
THE BACK OF MY  
HEAD!

I ACCEPT YOUR  
APOLOGY, FRIEND.  
CARE FOR A CLOSE  
LOOK AT MY  
"PISTOL" NOW?

NO YE  
DON'T,  
TINDER—!

CONSIDERIN' THE SIZES  
OF THE TWO OF YOU, HE  
WON FAIR AN' SQUARE!  
WE'LL BE GLAD TO HAVE  
YE WITH US, JOLLY JIM!  
KAINTUCK'S A LONELY  
LAND— AN' HAVIN' AN  
ACTIN'-MAN WILL HELP  
TO WHILE AWAY THE LONG  
WINTER!

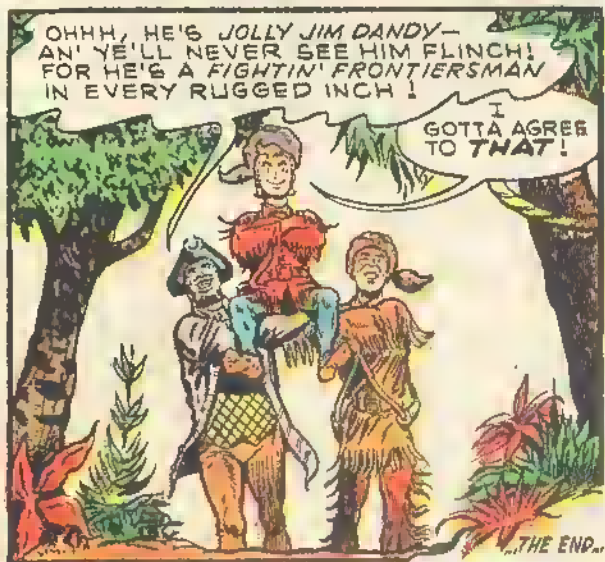
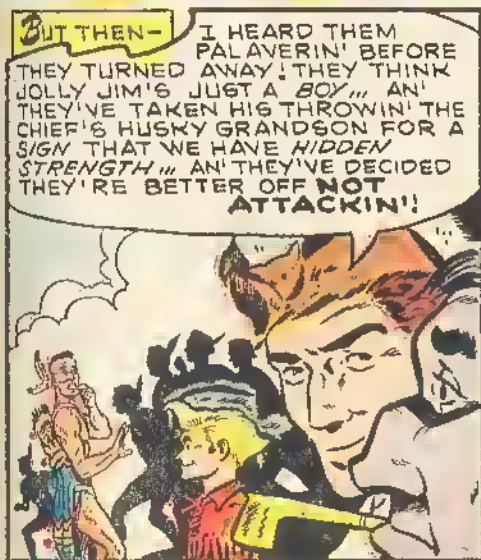
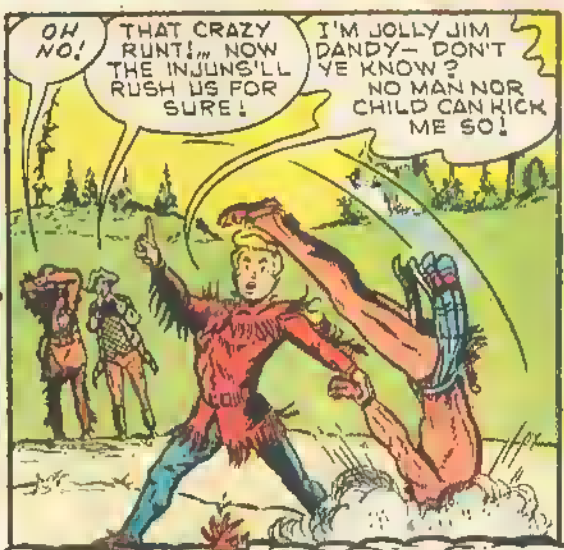
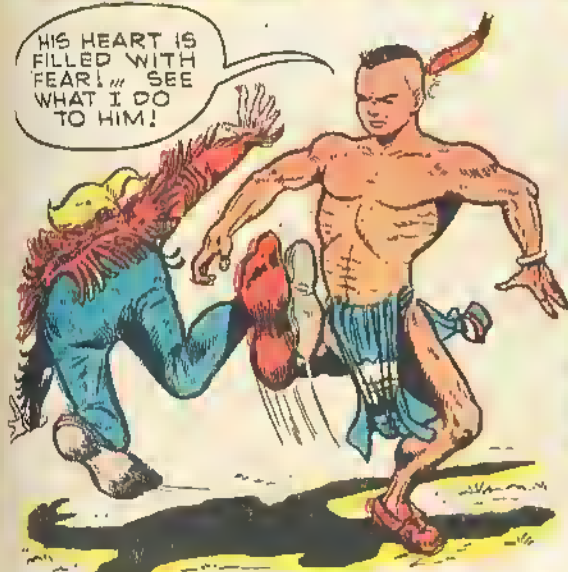
**IN**  
KAINTUCK!  
NOW—

I AIN'T NO BUZZARD,  
I'LL HAVE YE KNOW—  
I'M A FULLGROWN  
HALF-PINT THAT'S ON  
THE GO!

I'M JOLLY JIM DANDY— DO YE HEAR?  
A-RIDIN' MY MULE THROUGH THE  
WILD FRONTIER—!

WHITE MEN  
CAMPING!

WE MUST MAKE SURE  
THERE ARE NO OTHERS!  
LAST TIME WE ATTACKED—  
MANY MORE CAME DURING THE  
BATTLE, AND WE WERE  
BEATEN BADLY—!





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We bring you the first of a series of stories dealing with the early days of the frontier.

## THE BOY WHO COULD RUN

WHOOSH—THUNK!

The first arrow whizzed through the air, and bit into the turf at their feet.

"Seek cover, men!" shouted Jim Kirby, leader of the small band of frontiersmen.

Now, hack in the canebrakes, the Indians were fluttering their hands over their mouths, and whooping and stomping.

"They're steamin' themselves up for a charge," Kirby whispered. "Better check your rifles. Make sure they're fully loaded...."

Ramrods flashed in the sun as the men grimly drove their charges home. Some, slower than others, were still measuring out powder or wrapping 'bullets' in greased patches.

Only young Tad Jones stood idle—his hands limp at his side.

"Hey, boy," Kirby snapped. "This-here's no time for playin' statue! Those Injuns'll be on us any minute! Get your rifle up to your shoulder!"

"I—I can't shoot, sir," Tad stammered. "I never learned how."

One of the frontiersmen sneered. He was a burly man with a scarred face. "Hear that, Kirby?" he said. "I told you not to let the sprat come along. Soon as he showed up on the trail, talkin' fancy like a London gentleman, I warnied you against him....!"

"No time to argue—" Kirby said brusquely. Then, motioning to Tad, "Get down, boy. If you can't shoot, least you can do is stay out of sight so as not to give our position away."

Tad's heart was heavy as he sank to the

ground. He had run away from his uncle's home in Richmond, bent on adventure in the frontier wilderness... and now look how things had turned out!

Back in Richmond with his bachelor uncle, there'd been only Latin to study—never a friend of his own, no sports, no adventure.

It had been a stifling life for a growing boy—and every once in a while, to drain off the animal spirits inside of him, Tad had gone on long runs through the outlying fields—pumping steadily with his well muscled legs, running faster and faster till everything about him had turned to a blur....

But then he had come into a legacy—forty whole pounds of his own. And the morning after the money had been handed him by the lawyer, he had run off—and shucked his city clothes for frontiersman regalia.

He had bought a long Pennsylvania rifle, and not even stopping to learn how to shoot, had plumped himself beside the trail leading into the wilderness—and the first band of frontiersmen to come tramping along had been led by Jim Kirby....

And now they were deep in Kentucky, undergoing the expedition's first Indian attack... and Tad was hugging the ground, the tears hot under his eyelids, feeling useless and bitterly ashamed.

WHOOSH—THUNK!

KRAKK! KRAKK! KRAKK!

The frontiersmen were firing coolly, each man on target, methodically thinning the ranks of the charging Indians.

One more fusillade—and the Indians melted back into the canebrakes.

After stationing outpost guards and check-



ing everybody for wounds. Kirby walked over to Tad.

"Boy," he said softly. "what're you doin' in the wilderness if you can't shoot?"

It was shame and anger at self for not having spoken out before, that made Tad growl. "I'm after furs and land and adventure—like the rest of you."

"And who's to get them for you? A man-servant?" The scarred man had come up, and was jeering at Tad.

"I can learn shooting—can't I?" Tad cried.

"Are we to be runnin' a school for fine gentlemen?" the scarred man grunted angrily. "while the Injuns are breathin' down our necks?"

"Hold your peace," Kirby said. Then, to Tad. "Boy, what *can* you do?"

"I can run, sir," Tad said.

"RUN?" the scarred man guffawed. "I'll bet you can! That's what all fine gentlemen do at the sight of an Injun..."

Tad felt his neck flushing with anger's heat. "If you think I'm a coward—" he began to cry out, but suddenly Kirby held up his hand to signal him to silence.

"Shhhh," Kirby whispered. "Hear those turkey buzzard calls in the canebrakes? They're bein' made by another party of Injuns come to join the first!"

"Y-you mean we'll have twice as many to fight off as before?" the scarred man stammered.

"Yup," Kirby smiled. "What's happened to the color of your face, man? Sudden-like you're pale as a sheet."

Then Kirby's smile faded, and his pale blue eyes were on Tad again. "Boy," he said, "can you *really* run?"

"Yes, sir."

"Just fast... or far, as well, boy?"

"Both, sir."

Now Kirby's sinewy fingers were gripping Tad's shoulder. "Then, boy—here's your chance! We can't hold out against all those Injuns. But if one of us was to slip through with a message for help to the men at Sutter's station..."

"Is that the place we passed down at the river's edge at dawn, sir?"

"Yup. Now here's how we'll do it. We'll take a charge of our own to keep the Injuns

busy... and while we're at it, you'll light out through the woods. Got it straight?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good luck, boy."

"Thanks, sir..."

\* \* \*

The frontiersmen were yelling hoarsely now, beating their way toward the canebrakes—and under the cover of the ruckus, Tad was stealing off through the trees...

He ran fast, pumping steadily with his well muscled legs, the way he had run over the outlying fields of Richmond, faster and faster over the narrow twisting path...

He kept running till at last, gasping sawingly, he staggered into Sutter's Station. He tried to tell them what he'd come to say—but the hot breath in his throat kept choking off the words—and so, to save time, he scrawled the message for help in the sand on the river bank.

Then, just when he thought he'd be able to speak, his knees turned rubbery, the sand started wheeling underfoot, and he felt himself falling through fathomless darkness...

He slept for a day and a night—and when at last he opened his eyes, he saw a vague figure bending over him. Tad kept squinting till he saw the man clearly—and it was Jim Kirby.

"That was right fine runnin' you did, boy," Kirby said. "Nobody I know has ever swallowed forest distance in such big gulps before. The column from Sutter's Station came in plenty of time."

For a long moment Tad felt warm with relief. But then there was a quick cold gust of fear inside of him. Now that Kirby knew how unprepared he was... would Kirby go on into the wilderness without him?

Just then a second shadowy figure bent over him. Tad squinted again—and it was the scarred frontiersman.

"How's the lad doin'?"

Tad winced with surprise at the gentleness of the scarred man's voice.

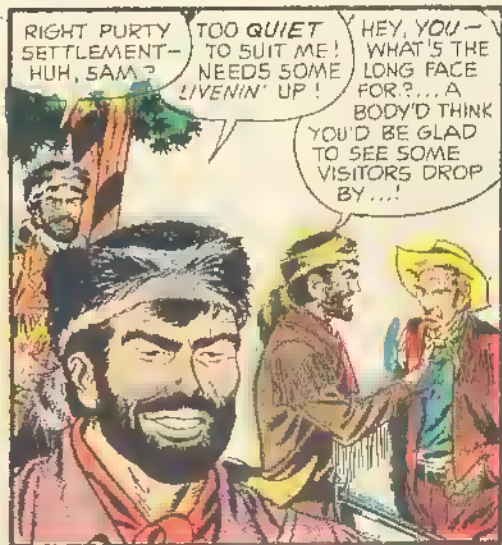
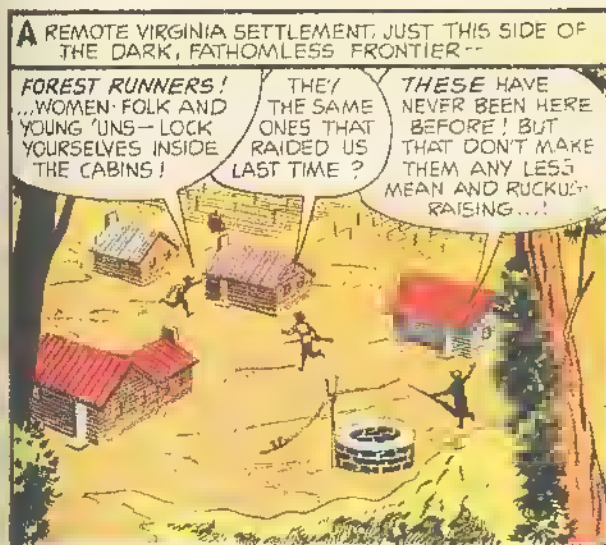
"He's doin' fine," Kirby said. "Soon as he's up an' on his feet, I'm goin' to ask him to give me a runnin' lesson"—the shadows in the log cabin where Tad was lying, were too thick and black for him to see Kirby's wink—"an' in exchange, maybe I'll give him a shootin' lesson or two..."

THE END

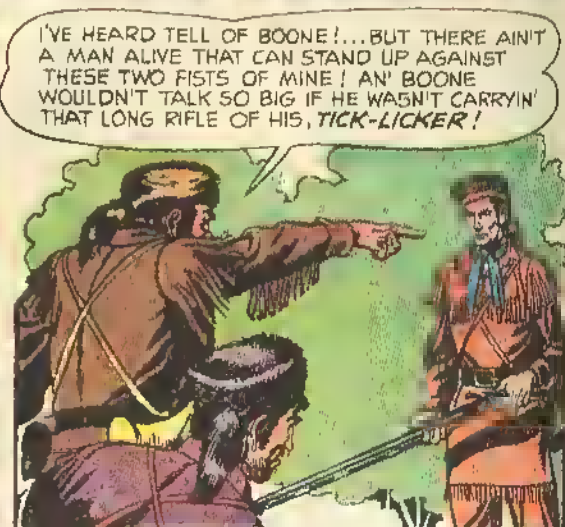


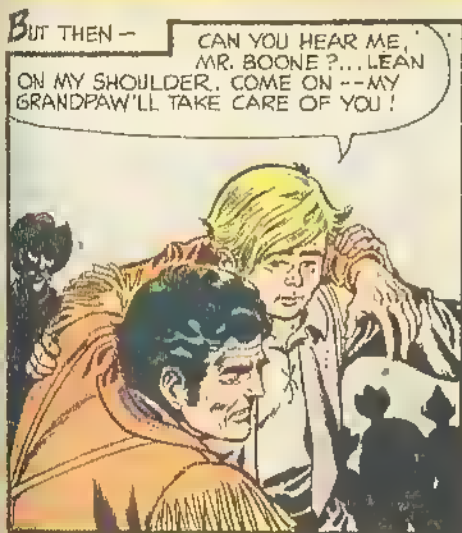
WITHOUT THOSE "RIFLE GUNS" MADE SO PAINSTAKINGLY BY PENNSYLVANIA CRAFTSMEN, THE PIONEERS WOULD HAVE BEEN DEFENSELESS AGAINST INDIANS! WILD GAME THAT WOULD HAVE SCAMPERED FREE AFTER THE BELLOW OF SHORT-RANGED, INACCURATE MUSKETS KEPT CRASHING DOWN TO THE TUNE OF THEIR SHARP REPORT! AND OF THEM ALL, THE ONE RIFLE WHOSE FAME HAD SPREAD FARTHEST WAS TICK-LICKER—

## "BOONE'S OWN RIFLE"







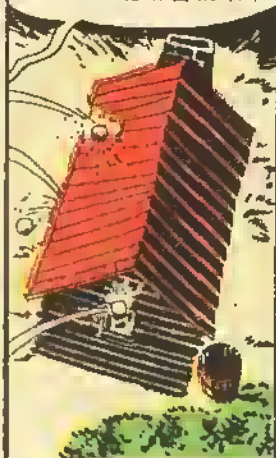




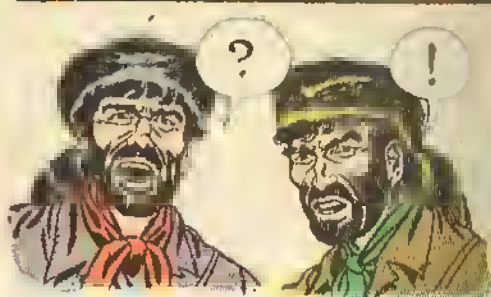
SAM IS GONE BACK INTO THE FOREST TO CACHE BOONE'S RIFLE — BUT THE TWO OF US WON'T HAVE NO TROUBLE HANDLIN' THIS! GRAB HOLD OF SOME ROCKS!...



COME ON OUT, BOONE — WE AIM TO SHOW YOU THAT WHEN WE SAY TO CLEAR A SETTLEMENT... WE MEAN IT!



LEAVE OFF THROWING THOSE ROCKS — WE'RE A-COMING OUT.



SINCE THOSE RUNNERS WERE NEVER HERE BEFORE, THEY DIDN'T KNOW OLD TOM'S OUR GUNSMITH... AND THAT HE ALWAYS STOCKS A HEAP OF RIFLES IN HIS CABIN!

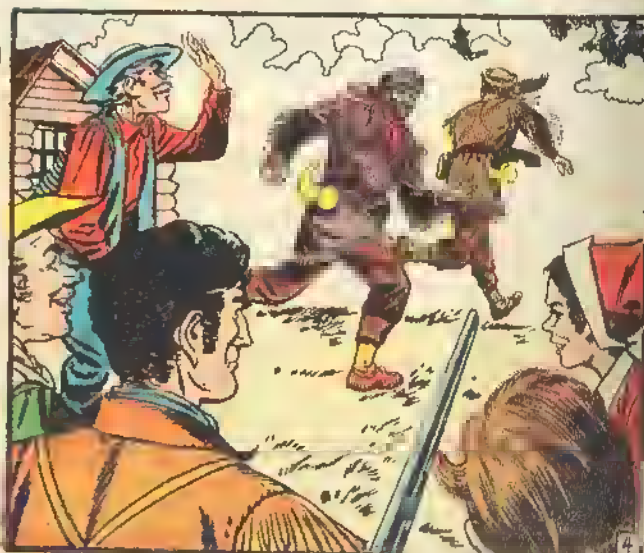


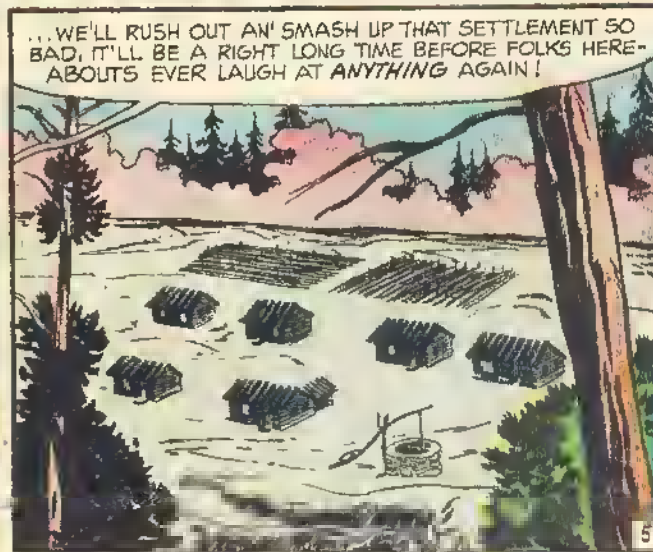
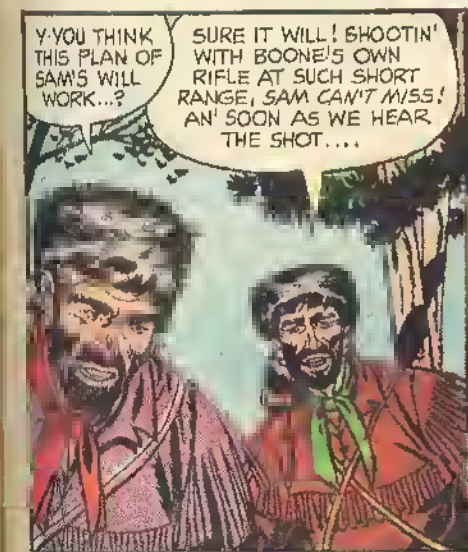
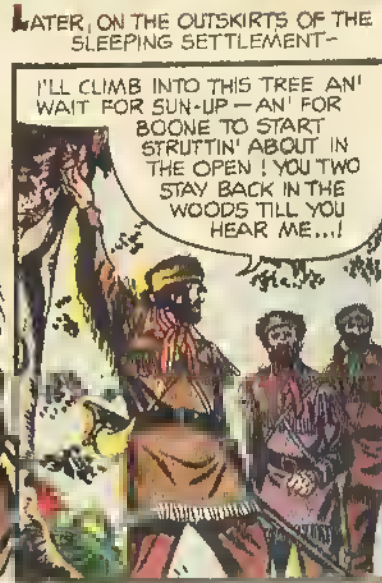
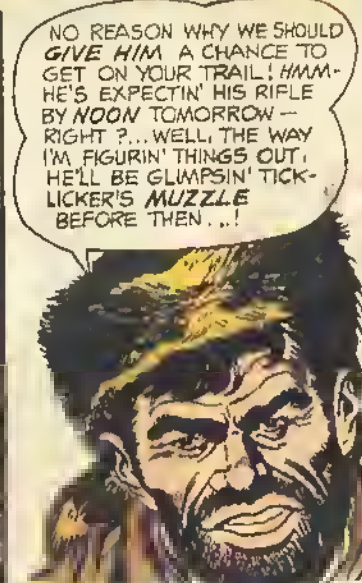
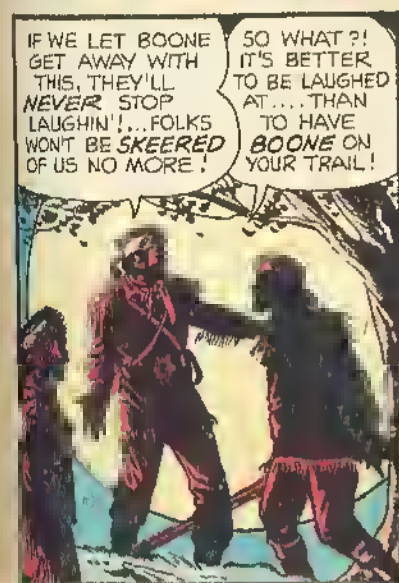
WHERE'S TICK-LICKER?... HAND OVER MY RIFLE-FAST!

S-SAM TOOK INTO THE FOREST, BOONE! BUT IF YOU'LL LET US GO AFTER HIM, WE'LL BRING IT BACK!



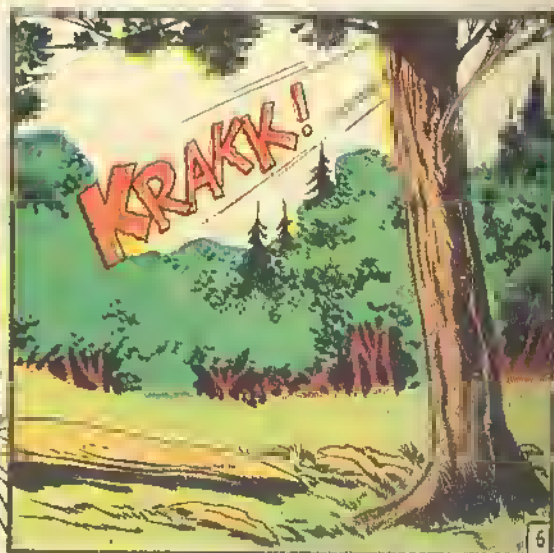
I'LL GIVE YOU TILL NOON TOMORROW, IF TICK-LICKER'S NOT IN MY HANDS BY THEN, I'LL BE A-COMING AFTER YOU...!







SUN-UP NOW...AND THE SETTLEMENT  
STARTS STIRRING!



HEAR THAT?... BOONE WAS JUST GUNNED DOWN! LET'S GET MOVIN' BEFORE THOSE SETTLERS HAVE A CHANCE TO COME TO THEIR SENSES!



BUT THEN-

H-HE'S STILL STANDIN'!...

HOW COULD SAM HAVE EVER MISSED HIM?!

NO TIME TO FIND OUT!....BOONE'S HEADIN' THIS WAY!



WHAT'S YOUR RUSH? YOU'LL BE STAYING ON FOR A LONG STRETCH - THE SETTLERS ARE PLANNING A RIGHT FINE JAIL IN THEIR NEW STOCKADE....!

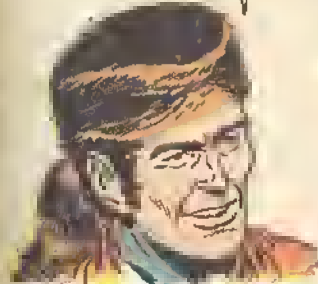


...AND YOUR PARDNER OVER THERE WILL KEEP YOU COMPANY!

THAT RIFLE...BOONE MUST'VE PUT A SPELL ON IT! IT WOULDN'T SHOOT STRAIGHT WITH HIM AS A TARGET... AND IT KICKED BACK HARD, IT KNOCKED ME CLEAR OUT OF THE TREE!



THERE'S NO SPELL ON TICK-LICKER. I BANGED HER UP USING HER AS A CLUB THE OTHER DAY AGAINST A WOUNDED GRIZZLY WHEN I DIDN'T HAVE TIME FOR RELOADING. AND THAT'S WHY I CAME TO THE SETTLEMENT - SO OLD TOM, THE GUNSMITH, COULD SET TICK-LICKER RIGHT FOR ME...!



LATER-  
BULL'S EYE!

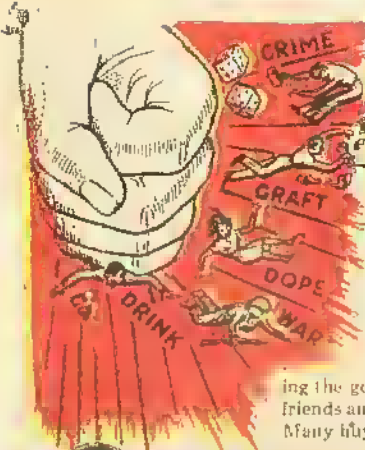
TICK-LICKER'S GOOD AS NEW AGAIN, TOM. I'M RIGHT OBLIGED. GUESS I'LL BE TRAIPSING ALONG NOW!



NEVER FORGET HIM, BOY. AND WHILE YOU'RE GROWING, TRY TO MODEL YOURSELF AFTER HIM! FOR THEY DON'T COME ANY BETTER THAN DAN BOONE!







# BOYS, GIRLS, MEN, WOMEN! The World Is On FIRE

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**SEND NO MONEY — WE TRUST YOU**



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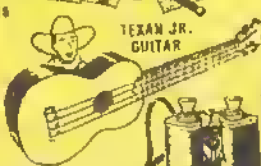
GABBY HATES  
FISHING KIT



RED RYDER CARBINE



RADIUM DIAL  
POCKET  
WATCH



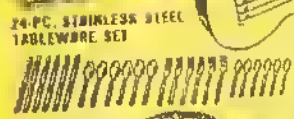
TEXAN JR.  
GUITAR



BOYS' OR GIRLS'  
BICYCLE



NECKLACE



24-PC. STAINLESS STEEL  
TABLEWARE SET



ROY ROGERS  
BINOCULARS



WALKING  
DOLL



HUNTING KNIFE  
AND AX



ARCHERY SET



SPORTS  
EQUIPMENT



ROY ROGERS OR  
DALE EVANS  
LAMP



DICK TRACY CAMERA



JET ENGINE  
PLANE FLIES  
500 FEET!



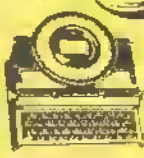
REG. SIZE  
BASKET-  
BALL AND  
RING

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Mail your name and address on coupon and we ship AT ONCE PREPAID your first set of 24 big size, 9x11, richly decorated Mottos On-Trust. When you have sold the 24 Mottos, send the \$8.46 you have collected and you can secure your choice of any wonderful prizes. If you prefer to EARN MONEY, send \$6.00 and keep \$2.40. Hurry, send TODAY for 24 Mottos ON TRUST and big PRIZE CATALOG FREE.



GIRLS' SHOULDER-  
STRAP BAG



TYPEWRITER



WHITE ZIPPER  
BAG



4 PIECE LADIES' OR  
GIRLS' VANITY SET



DALE EVANS OR  
ROY ROGERS  
WRIST WATCH FOR  
BOYS AND GIRLS



ROLLER  
SKATES



TABLE TENNIS SET



PRESSURE COOKER

The FUNman, Dept. A-115  
4343 N. Clark St., Chicago 40, Ill.

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Please rush to me on credit 24 Religious Wall Mottos, to sell at \$6 each. Also include big 11x14 Catalog FREE. I will remit amount asked within 30 days, deduct a prize or keep cash commission, as explained under description of prize in BIG PRIZE CATALOG. PRINT BELOW.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ AGE \_\_\_\_\_  
STREET OR R.F.D. \_\_\_\_\_  
TOWN \_\_\_\_\_ ZONE \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_  
Key I sent filling in, pasting and mailing this coupon  
on a 3x5 Postcard today.

# FREE! MEMBERSHIP in the FUNman's Fun Club

Just mail coupon below now and we'll send you 24 Religious Mottos ON CREDIT. Easy to sell—you get valuable prizes. EXTRA! If you sell mottos and send payment within 15 days you receive FREE Membership in the FUNman's Fun Club. A membership card, certificate, giant packet of fun materials all yours PLUS extra surprises!

**SEND NO MONEY... We Trust You**

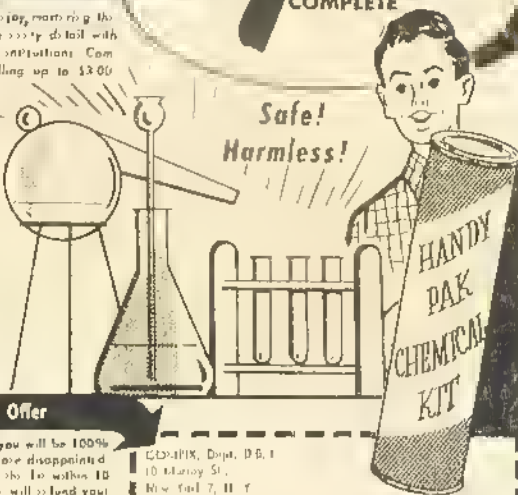
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Rm. 707, N. Y.

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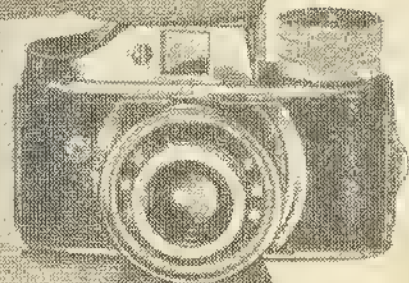
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